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somewhat of Michael Haydn, and of German composers of the first and second order,—but among the Italians we were introduced to Durante, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Caldara, &c. New names, new styles and powers, were set forth in his pages; and Handel was not permitted to usurp entire dominion, and bestride our musical world “like a Colossus.”

When, in the course of time, others entered upon the path which this gentleman had opened, he showed his liberality of sentiment, by affording them all the assistance in his power. In preparing Mozart and Haydn's Masses for the public, Mr. Novello derived, and has handsomely acknowledged in his prefaces, the aid which he received from Mr. Latrobe, in the loan of MS. scores which could scarcely have been elsewhere obtained.

Whatever concerned the progress of music interested this benefactor to the art. He laboured to make it more extensively enjoyed and practised, and conceived no abuse of its object to be greater than that of turning it to vanity or display. When it was asked, who plays the organ at Mr. Latrobe's chapel, the answer was—“Any body who can do the duty decently.” The Moravians are a sect of organists, and they fully subscribe to the doctrine contained in the following famous passage of Luther :—

Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in the art.

Mr. Latrobe, in his publications, had the tact to address himself exactly to the wants of the time. When Dr. Crotch, who rather elaborated his arrangements and stuck them full of notes, published his “*Palestine*,” he incurred a good humored remonstrance from his friend.—“How could it be expected that the fair fingers of young ladies could ever grasp such masses of notes?” For himself, he preserved in his arrangements a just mean between what to admit and what to leave out; but in the nice art of adaptation, time has introduced many valuable improvements.

The devotion of Mr. Latrobe to music tended to elevate the musical profession, for it must be owned that the social standing of some of the most skilful harmonists in his day was but indifferent. Many of them lived in poor circumstances, from hand to mouth, and opinion of the art became mixed up discreditably in their sordid and vulgar adventures. But here was a non-professional gentleman, of position, accomplishments, and

high connections, who afforded an example of the enthusiastic pursuit of music for its own sake alone. With this object before their eyes, many who would have condemned music on account of the frailty or the poverty of its professors, paused before they pronounced their verdict.

Mr. Latrobe having the character of a very pleasant and witty clergyman “within the limits of becoming mirth,” in private, many were curious to know the style of his preaching. We saw him often at organs performing the service on various occasions, but never heard him preach. However, we have been informed that the manner of his discourse was to place his hands on the sides of the pulpit, and in this attitude, without the least flourish of action or gesture, to deliver what he had to say with the utmost gravity and simplicity.

A more useful and admirable character than that of the Rev. Mr. Latrobe has not adorned music in the course of the present century. His journey to the Cape of Good Hope produced a very entertaining quarto; and we learned through it that the Hottentot women possess a taste for melody. In his numerous journeys to Germany he made a point of enquiring into the advancement of the art, and of hearing the best players, particularly organists. The musical events of his industrious life were all turned to the good of the public, or the entertainment of his private friends.

THE REV. C. J. LATROBE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST INTRODUCTION TO HAYDN.

(From a Letter addressed to Vincent Novello, 1828.)

WHEN Haydn arrived in England in 1790, I was introduced to him by Dr. Burney, who well knew the value I should set upon the personal acquaintance of a man whose works I so greatly admired, and of which I may say, that they had been a feast to my soul. I had at that time made scores of about twenty-five of his quartettos, from the printed parts, and continued to play them on the pianoforte with tolerable accuracy, as to their internal construction. Whether he perceived, on our first interview, that my admiration of him as the first of composers, in conversation, soon rose to sincere affection for him as a most amiable man, and therefore felt mutual kindness towards me, I will not presume to say, but he was pleased, not long after, to pay me a visit. When he entered the room, he found my wife alone, and as she could not speak German, and he had scarcely picked up a few English words, both were at a loss what to say. He bowed with foreign formality, and the following short explanation took place. *H.* Dis Mr. Latrobe's house? The answer was in the affirmative. *H.* Be you his woman? (meaning his wife) “I am Mrs. Latrobe,” was the reply.

After some pause, he looked round the room, and saw his picture, to which he immediately pointed, and exclaimed, “Dat is me. I am Haydn!” My wife instantly, knowing what a most welcome guest I was honoured with, sent for me to a house not far off, and

treated him with all possible civility. He was meanwhile amused with some fine specimens of Labrador spar on the chimney-piece, which he greatly admired and accepted of a polished slab. Of course I hastened home, and passed half an hour with him in agreeable conversation. He gave me his direction and begged me to call on him whenever I pleased, which I considered the more condescending, as he would derive neither honour nor profit by my acquaintance. You may be sure I availed myself of the privilege, and believe, that we did not grow tired of each other's company. The same friendly intercourse between us was kept up during both his first and second visits to England. Sometimes I met him at friends' houses, but never enjoyed his company more than at his own lodging. I now and then found him at work upon those magnificent symphonies, which he composed for Salomon's concerts, and though I avoided taking up time so well employed, yet he would sometimes detain me, and play for me some passages of a new composition. On enquiry, hearing from a friend, that I had ventured to compose some sonatas for the pianoforte, he desired to hear them. As he observed, that they ought to be printed, I agreed, if he would permit me to dedicate them to him. Of this he has made mention in his own account of his visits in England. These sonatas, with many compositions of better masters, have long ago swam down the stream of oblivion, and made room for a younger fry. Speaking with me of Mozart's death, he added, with that modesty, by which he was distinguished, "In him the world has lost a much greater master of harmony than I am." In general, I never perceived in Haydn any symptoms of that envy and jealousy, which is, alas, so much the besetting sin of musicians. He appeared to me to be a religious character, and not only attentive to the forms and usages of his own church, but under the influence of a devotional spirit. This is felt by those, who understand the language of music, in many parts of his Masses and other compositions for the church. I once observed to him, that having in the year 1779, when a youth, obtained the parts of his *Stabat Mater* from a friend, who had found means to procure them at Dresden, I made a score, and became enchanted with its beauty. The study of it, more than of any other work, helped to form my taste, and make me more zealous in the pursuit of this noble science. He seemed delighted to hear my remarks on a composition, which he declared to be one of his own favourites, and added, that it was no wonder, that it partook of a religious savour, for it had been composed in the performance of a religious vow. He then gave me the following account of it. Sometime about the year 1770, (but as to the particular year I am not sure,) he was seized with a violent disorder, which threatened his life. "I was," said he, "not prepared to die, and prayed to God to have mercy upon me and grant me recovery. I also vowed, that if I were restored to health, I would compose a *Stabat Mater* in honour of the Blessed Virgin, as a token of thankfulness. My prayer was heard and I recovered. With a grateful sense of my duty, I cheerfully set about the performance of my vow, and endeavoured to do it in my best manner. When finished, I sent the score to my dear old friend, Hasse, then residing at Venice." (If I am right.) "He returned me an answer which I shall preserve as a treasure to the end of my life. It is full of affection and truly religious feeling, for he was not

only my musical, but my spiritual father. The *Stabat Mater* was performed at Vienna, both in the Imperial chapel and at other churches with acceptance, but I dedicated it to the Electress of Saxony, who was an excellent judge in music, and at Dresden it was done justice to." The tears glistened in his eyes, while he gave me this account, of which I have remembered the very words.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The late period of the month at which this performance takes place, permits us merely to record its successful opening, from the report in the *Times* of the first day. Further accounts must be postponed to our next number:—"The festival began this morning under somewhat gloomy auspices. The anticipations of fine weather, which were universal yesterday, were to-day altogether dispelled. From an early hour the rain began to come down, and continued, without intermission, the greater part of the day. Nevertheless a numerous congregation assembled (nearly 1,300) at service in the cathedral, which commenced at the usual hour, 11 o'clock. The 'preces' and 'responses' of Tallis, and the 'Dettingen te Deum' and 'Jubilate' of Handel, formed parts of the selection. Formerly the Te Deum of Purcell, and that of Handel, composed for the Peace of Utrecht, used to be performed alternately; but the sublimity of the 'Dettingen' has won it the preference for nearly a century. The 'Jubilate' of the same composer, has also been mainly instrumental in putting aside that of Purcell, which was once very popular, and must always be highly esteemed as one of the capital works of the greatest musical genius to whom England has given birth. At the same time, with a profound respect for the masterpieces of Handel, we must confess we should not be sorry to hear a new setting of the words 'Te Deum' and 'Jubilate' by some competent hand—not to supersede Handel, which would be a difficult matter, but to afford the world an opportunity of judging how modern art could give expression to those important passages of the cathedral service. The performance of the two works in question, in which the principal voice parts were taken by Misses Birch, Dolby, and Williams, and Messrs. Lockey and Machin, was as correct and effective as might have been expected from able and practised singers, thoroughly familiar with the music. After the third collect, Dr. Elvey's anthem 'In that day,' of which a criticism appeared in the *Times* on the occasion of its performance by the London Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter-hall, was given, the solo voice parts by the members of the cathedral choir. Dr. Elvey's composition, although neither masterly nor sublime, certainly improves upon acquaintance. The sermon was preceded by the ancient version of the 47th Psalm, 'O God, my strength and fortitude,' for full chorus, choir, and quartet (Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey and Machin), and followed by Mendelssohn's superb anthem, 'When Israel out of Egypt came,' one of the noblest examples of modern church music extant. The execution of both works was, on the whole, very satisfactory, although Dr. Elvey's being easier went with more decision. Mr. Done, the conductor, and Mr. Amott, the organist, performed their duties efficiently, and the chorus, almost entirely selected from provincial societies, showed no lack of force or discipline.